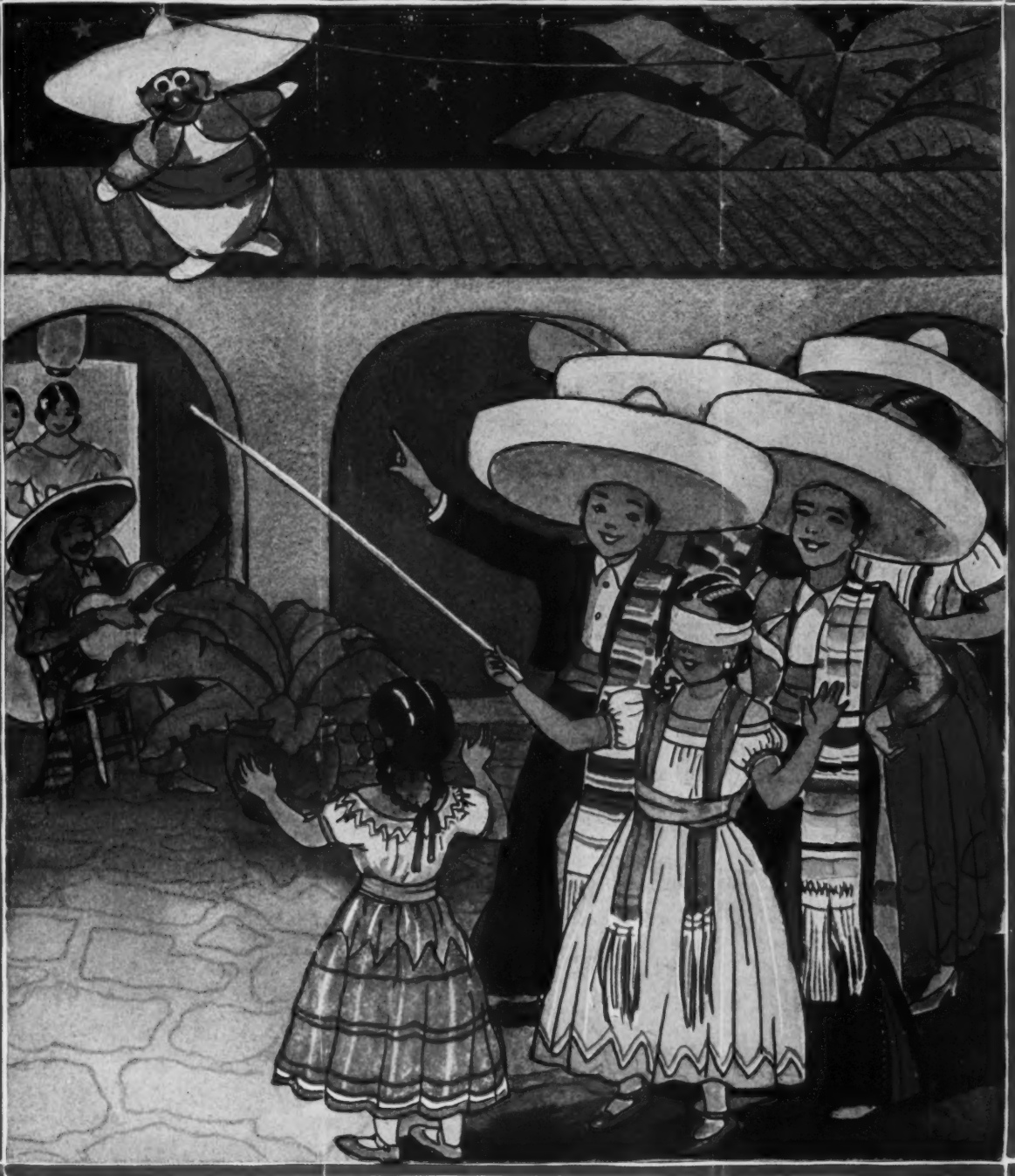


p. 82  
p. 88

p. 93

*American*  
**JUNIOR RED CROSS**  
*December 1934* **NEWS** *"I Serve"*



*Christmas in Mexico*



THE THREE BOYS GAZED AT ONE ANOTHER,  
FULL OF SUSPICION, LIKE DOGS NEWLY MET

# The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

## The December News in the School

### The Classroom Index

#### Art and Handwork:

"Make Your Own Decorations," "Mexican Christmas" (front cover), "Our Juniors Celebrate Christmas"

#### Auditorium:

"Our Juniors Celebrate Christmas," "Make Your Own Decorations," "Polish Correspondents"

For Christmas entertainment young members may sing "R is for Reindeer" and read "The Robin's Christmas Eve." One topic for a Christmas assembly talk is *Christmas in Warm Weather*, material for which is given in "Marcelino's Piñata" and the letter from Australia in "Christmas Everywhere."

#### Citizenship:

"A Great Conquest," "Pumpkins and Pageants," "The Story of Books," "Christmas Everywhere," "Our Juniors Celebrate Christmas"

#### Geography:

Mexico—"Mexican Christmas" (front cover), "Marcelino's Piñata"

Poland—"Polish Correspondents"

United States (New England)—"Pumpkins and Pageants"

Other Countries—"Christmas Everywhere"

#### Health:

"A Great Conquest" will be given still more interest through reference to several of Sir Ronald Ross's poems. Two that sprang from the sense of consecration in his work for humanity are included in *Twentieth Century Poetry*, compiled by Drinkwater, Canby, and Benét.

#### Music:

"R is for Reindeer"

#### Primary Grades:

"R is for Reindeer," "Marcelino's Piñata," "Our Juniors Celebrate Christmas"

"The Robin's Christmas Eve," as printed here, is part of a quaint English picture book for children, published in 1869. The complete poem is used for one of the stories Brailled for blind children. Our editors have reproduced the central part of it with a lovely new illustration so that all Junior Red Cross members may enjoy it.

#### Reading:

The following questions, if given to pupils in advance, will help them read with understanding:

1. How did Wilbur repay his New Hampshire friends?

2. What did he mean when he said, "Seems like it was a pageant that isn't finished yet?"

1. What were the important steps that led to printing of books as we have them today? 2. How would your own life be changed if all books and other printed matter should disappear from your community?

1. In what ways is Christmas in Mexico different from our Christmas? 2. Make little paper airplanes of different colors and fill them with candies for some public home in your community.

1. How was the robin provided with food and shelter for Christmas? 2. What true stories do you know about caring for birds in winter?

1. Which Junior Red Cross supplies has your room already received? 2. How can you make better use of these materials?

1. What do the city of Bern and the little town of Morat look like? 2. Find the canton of Bern on a map.

1. What original Christmas decorations did Polish and Austrian Junior Red Cross members make? 2. Trim a tree for a children's institution with decorations you have made.

1. What do Polish children do on Christmas Eve? 2. Draw pictures of a girl of Lowicz in her Sunday dress and of a woman of Kurpie.

1. How has the Italian Red Cross helped with work planned by Julius Caesar? 2. Find out all you can about the life of Sir Ronald Ross and report on it in class.

1. How are Christmas celebrations alike for Junior Red Cross members of all countries? 2. How can your school help Santa?

1. Learn the song about the reindeer. 2. Tell a story about a reindeer you have read of or seen.

### For Primary Teachers

Further details in the story of the Christmas party planned and carried out intelligently by first-grade children ("Our Juniors Celebrate Christmas") were given by the teacher, Miss Kitty Frye:

"Just after Thanksgiving the children were directed in their thinking as to what our class could do to make Christmas happier for others less fortunate. An open discussion followed and a Christmas party was decided upon. Our open discussions and oral composition, writing, reading, manual arts, and number work, also music, were centered upon this unit, 'A Christmas Party.' Our group of thirty-seven children volunteered to bring pennies and nickels for a Christmas treat. Each child found some child around four or five years old out of school who needed help and brought him as a guest. As a part of their construction work they made baskets of green and red paper and decorated them with holly or Santa Clauses. Sticks of candy were dressed as dolls, umbrellas, and clowns out of bright cellophane and ribbon. One of these, with mixed candy and raisins, topped the basket. One of the first grade children volunteered to play Santa Claus. He was very resourceful, making up his own conversation. The group entertained their visitors with Christmas songs, catchy poems, and stories. The little visitors also sang some songs they knew and gave a few individual recitations. It was very obvious that the little tots enjoyed every minute, and the children enjoyed it, too, as well as having received much benefit from their activities."



# Developing Program Activities for December

**T**HE PROGRAM page should be read and discussed by pupils near the beginning of each month. Those services that can be carried out or adapted for use in the classroom work might be checked in colored pencil. This reading by pupils serves two purposes: first, to develop responsibility on the part of the boys and girls in planning their own activities for good ends; second, to develop a sense of membership and of acquaintance with what fellow members all over the world are doing.

## The Classroom Index of Activities

### Art:

Greeting cards for patients in government hospitals, covers for Brailled stories, mounted story-pictures for children in hospitals

### Citizenship:

Safety precautions for skating and coasting, first aid for minor injuries. For material and information about organization of a safety committee as part of the Junior Red Cross Council, write the National Safety Council, 1 Park Avenue, New York City. The *Red Cross Courier*, September, 1934, had a very interesting article, "Junior Service Turns to Traffic." Perhaps this *Courier* can be borrowed from Chapter offices.

For information about First Aid courses and certificates, write the American Red Cross, National or Branch Offices, First Aid Service. Addresses of the three headquarters offices are given in this issue of the NEWS, editorial page.

Gifts for a Christmas family assigned by a welfare agency, gifts for unemployed men, work meetings of Junior Red Cross Councils to complete and pack gifts

### English:

Story-pictures with beginnings of stories for sick-a-bed children, Christmas plays for an old people's home, or some other group (see *Guide to Play Selection* below), letters for school correspondence (see topics on December PROGRAM page)

### Geography:

Christmas carols, and customs of other lands, for school assemblies. Useful references are: "Christmas Stars and Candles," a mimeographed bulletin announced in this issue of the NEWS, editorial page, and *Music of Many Lands*, by McConathy, Beattie and Morton.

A study of international projects of the National Children's Fund may be based on a new mimeographed bulletin supplied on request from headquarters offices. It lists the projects for this year and next.

### Handwork:

Toys for children in hospitals, gifts for a Christmas family

### Music:

Christmas carols, for public homes and a school assembly

## Gifts for Men in Government Hospitals

A mimeographed bulletin, supplied from headquarters offices, lists appropriate gifts for different types of government hospitals and gives instructions about the successful carrying out of this important national service.

## An Ash Tray

You may be interested in a new knick-knack, an ash tray made of serpentine paper, directions for which were sent us recently. The serpentine paper comes in assorted colors. The ash tray is made by rolling the paper as tightly as possible, arranging the colors to suit the artist's taste, pasting the ends of new strips together firmly. The paper is rolled until the disc is as large as desired and the end of the paper

pasted tight. The tray is then molded by pressing the center downward, shaping it so that the bottom is flat and the sides are symmetrical. The final step is shellacking and varnishing to make it fireproof. Several coats of varnish are required.

## Useful Books

*GUIDE TO PLAY SELECTION*, by Milton Smith. Appleton-Century Company, New York City. 1934. \$1.25.

This list, prepared for the National Council of Teachers of English, gives data on plays that are usable, from the junior high school age through normal school and college. Titles of play "exclusively for children" are omitted—perhaps because they would be too modern for parents and teachers! But some listed are easy enough for middle-sized children, and a much larger number are interesting for a teacher or good pupil-readers to interpret aloud to a class.

The main division of titles is into full-length plays and one-act plays, with a bibliography of books on play production, a list of collections of plays, a directory of publishers and brokers, and an index of authors. Plays for important holidays, including twenty-two suitable for Christmas, are listed. The full-length plays are subdivided into four periods: Greek and Roman, Medieval and Elizabethan, 1650-1870, and Modern Plays, each section introduced by a brief, useful story of the theater in that period. The section on modern plays is longest.

A chart index of all titles gives the date of first production, stars those for high school, and tells the number of players required and the royalty or terms of production—all at a glance. The chart index is followed by paragraph synopses, with a practical estimate of every play.

The author, a professor of speech at Teachers College and lecturer on drama at Columbia University, has thus made an unbulky handbook, usable by teachers of literature or history who seek readings in drama, by auditorium teachers, sponsors of dramatic clubs, or any others who have need to locate without waste of time, the most appropriate play for a given purpose.

*THE CHARACTER EMPHASIS IN EDUCATION*, by Kenneth L. Heaton, University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Illinois. \$3.00.

All the material in Dr. Heaton's book is focused for the objective of growing finer personalities through learning. There are many case records of the use of class subjects: composition, citizenship, music, and other fine arts, dramatics, history, geography, manual arts, home arts; but emphasis is always upon the subject, that is, the boy or the girl taught, and not upon subject matter. Clubs and leisure interests are given similar treatment through concrete example. The first task of a teacher is to use curriculum material to achieve his deeper purposes. Expression of "good" character must be a part of the total experience of living and one way to make it so is to relate it to the total curriculum. This, however, does not preclude taking advantage of those instances that arise—

"when pupils and teachers sit down together at times and evaluate conduct, discuss the methods of meeting problematic situations and the like. Projects are undertaken which have as their chief aim the development of skill in social living. There seems ample justification for saying that in the school that has a curriculum which is centered about the experiences of daily life, one may find periods and units which have character education as their major aim."

(Continued on page 3)



# Junior Red Cross Organization for Service

AN ARTICLE in the *Idaho Journal of Education*, written by Miss Hazel J. Voll, gave practical details of the organization for Junior Red Cross work that was found successful in grade schools of Jerome:

In our twenty-two room, grade-school system we find that the Junior Red Cross operates best through the central organization of a Junior Red Cross Council. This body consists of a student representative from each of our twenty-two rooms, grades one to eight, inclusive. Interest in the work and ability to attend meetings regularly on every other Tuesday evening are the only requisites for membership. Each class selects its member in any way it chooses, or the teacher appoints. In case of the absence of a representative on meeting night, another member from the room attends as a substitute. Officers of the Council are a student chairman, a vice-chairman, and a secretary.

Under the guidance of an adult sponsor, a teacher, this group is able to originate and carry out many service projects. It is through the Council that the activities are carried out by the school as a unit and the children are brought into close contact with the purpose and functioning of Junior Red Cross work. Each Council member takes back to his own room a report of Council activities and plans and secures the cooperation of all in these activities. The pupils are encouraged to initiate their projects, but there must be close follow-up work and supervision in order that they may reach a satisfying conclusion.

Each year we regularly confine all Christmas giving within our school to gifts of food and clothing, collected at school and then turned over to the local welfare organization for distribution among the needy. This takes the place of exchange of gifts between teachers and pupils and is not burdensome, but enables the children to share with others in a true Christmas spirit. Each year we are greatly gratified by the quantities of materials thus received. The enumeration in the minutes of a Council meeting will give an idea of their extent:

"The meeting was brought to order by repeating the Junior Red Cross aims. The roll was called and minutes of the last meeting read.

"Clao Bohannon reported on the toy shop. Forty toys were made and repaired. The Juniors wished to express their thanks to Miss Sanderson, the leader of the toy shop. They decided to write her a note and send a box of candy.

"Eugene Connor reported on the articles received for Christmas gifts. There were, approximately: 200 pounds of clothing, 500 pounds of squash, 400 pounds of potatoes, 100 pounds of miscellaneous articles, 300 pounds of assorted vegetables, 30 pounds of fresh meat, and 8 pounds of butter.

"Pearl Willis gave the January CALENDAR story. The meeting closed with a program given by the fourth grade."

At each Council meeting the business section is followed by, and the meeting concluded with, a program sponsored by each grade in its turn. A half dozen numbers comprise the program. They represent classroom work done in the grade giving the program, and thus provide an incentive for good classroom work, in order that pupils may qualify for the program. They give the participants valuable training and experience in appearing before an audience and afford delightful and interesting entertainment for the other Council members.

"In this work it is gratifying to note the development of initiative on the part of the children and their acceptance of responsibility. Among our groups we have discovered exceptional ability, and we try through means of our Council organization to bring the Junior Red Cross into close contact with all our students."

A Christmas project that was successful because so carefully organized in advance was reported from Vacaville, California:

The Junior Red Cross in the Vacaville High School successfully assumed responsibility for the entire Christmas

welfare work in the community last year. Every civic organization lent its cooperation. The American Legion donated the hall for a card party that brought in receipts amounting to \$37.00. The prizes, which included even such things as shampoos and finger waves, haircuts, theater tickets, groceries, and plants, were given by local business firms, while the local newspaper furnished much free publicity and the churches gave frequent announcements concerning the entire Christmas program. The dance, at which the public was invited to "Hop with Soup and Soap" and admission to which was a cake of soap or a can of soup, brought in quantities of these articles for all the families to be served. One blacksmith drove in three miles to leave his contribution of seventy-five cents with the Junior Chairman. A rancher reported that his wife had a little jam, and, when the boys called for it, the jam proved to be twelve quarts of delicious pickled peaches. Quantities of walnuts and prunes were donated by another rancher whose son gave much time to the project; the Japanese Association sent in generous supplies of fruits; the dairies gave cream and ice cream, and the American Legion lent trucks for collecting and delivering the supplies.

Within the school itself the project enlisted the cooperation of every department. The agriculture classes collected farm produce; the art department decorated the barrels which were placed in the stores to receive donations, and made and decorated toys; the English classes provided speakers for the civic organizations whose aid was being solicited, while the commercial classes carried on the necessary correspondence and handled the accounting.

On December 8th, the paper carried an appeal for donations of food as follows: "If you buy canned or perishable foods at the store during the next three weeks, remember the less fortunate and drop a part of your purchase in one of the numerous Red Cross barrels that will be placed in the local stores this week. The Junior Red Cross will use all contributions for the Christmas boxes which will be distributed just before Christmas."

Each division in the high school was assigned a certain number of families, for whom it was to select and wrap the gifts, the families having been recommended by the Community Chest. After the gifts were wrapped, the students, teachers and board members all helped with the actual packing of the boxes. Twenty-seven families, including seventy children, were thus provided with enough groceries to last several weeks as well as toys and other less necessary but equally desirable gifts.

The efficiency with which this project was handled and the interest which it aroused on the part of the public earned for the Juniors the highest compliments from all agencies whose family cases were among those served, and it has been mutually agreed that the Christmas welfare work shall continue to be the responsibility of the Junior Red Cross in Vacaville.

(Continued from page 2)

There is emphasis on the usefulness of service with instances of activities that direct young people's attention away from themselves toward thinking of others and the study of world welfare. Although the value of one or two of the specific instances given seems to me open to serious question, it is difficult to conceive a situation in which some help may not be found from this book.

The ideal accepted is that summed up in an admirable statement from the *Tenth Year Book of the Department of Superintendence*:

"The good act is one which creates as many and as worthy satisfactions as possible for as many people as possible over as long a time as possible. The good character is one who continually acts in such a way that from his actions flow the results which enrich the living of all those who are affected, over as long a time as the influence of his actions may persist."

# Fitness for Service for December

## Foods that Build Blood

**G**OOD red blood" means blood with the right proportion of red corpuscles. The coloring matter of red corpuscles is called hemoglobin. It is hemoglobin that serves as the carrier of oxygen from the lungs.

If a doctor is at hand, pupils will be interested in having him explain how a "blood count" is made under the microscope, and how it helps in determining deficiencies in diet or in pointing to the presence in the system of toxic poisoning, from bad teeth, diseased tonsils, or more hidden sources.

External signs of red blood are the same as signs of general good health: clear skin, rosy cheeks, bright eyes, plenty of energy, and resistance to cold or other illness.

Foods that are rich in blood-building material, that is, in iron and copper, are:

- Egg yolk
- Lean beef
- Liver
- Green leafy vegetables, such as lettuce, spinach, cabbage, parsley
- Whole grain cereals, such as oatmeal, or whole wheat
- Dried navy beans
- Fresh peas
- Oysters
- Bananas
- Prunes, raisins, apricots

Everyone should eat one or two of the foods rich in these blood building materials every day; there is an extra need for them during rapid growth. If not enough iron is supplied fewer red cells are built.

Breakfast fruits that are economical and have the needed elements for red blood are: bananas, prunes, raisins, and apricots.

## Other Helps in Building Red Blood

Exercise, especially in the fresh air, and sunlight increase the number of red corpuscles. Here are some agreeable facts about the beneficial effect on blood, circulation, and nutrition of one important kind of exercise—laughing:

"1. The increased up-and-down movement of the diaphragm and the expansion of the ribs in laughter increase the air volume of the lungs from one-third to one-half.

"2. Laughter causes a more rapid change of air through the lungs, including the lung margins, where there are likely to be more or less stagnant eddies of air.

"3. All the blood in the body ordinarily passes through the lungs somewhat oftener than once a minute. 'In the course of a single minute every cell of tissue in the body, including the brain cells, will have been exposed to an increased amount of oxygen as a consequence of a hearty laugh.'

"4. The heart is so situated in the thorax that its lower part rests upon the diaphragm, so that the movements of the diaphragm in laughter lift the heart up and let it go down more or less rhythmically. This acts as a stimulant to the heart.

"5. Laughter provides exercise and massage of the liver, due to the movements of the diaphragm, which stimulate the flow of bile and aid digestion. Laughter is a good accompaniment to meals.

"6. Through the movements of the diaphragm, laughter also massages the pancreas, spleen, and other ductless glands, as well as the stomach and the intestines, increasing their activity. In the stomach and intestines, peristalsis is stimulated." (*Health Horizons*, pages 54-55.)

Some interesting historical data about William Harvey's discovery in 1628 of the facts concerning circulation are given on pages 407-411, of *Health Horizons*.

## Nutrition in Yugoslavia

Mention has been made several times of help given by our National Children's Fund to canteens in schools of Yugoslavia. An article by Professor Bozidor Zecevic, Director of the Yugoslav Junior Red Cross, in a recent issue of a bulletin of the League of Red Cross Societies, tells the story of the canteens in greater detail:

Perhaps the most far-reaching of all the activities initiated by the Junior Red Cross in Yugoslavia is the establishment of school canteens in rural areas. While it is true that such canteens existed in certain towns before the advent of the Junior Red Cross, it cannot be denied that the credit for having made them general throughout the country belongs to that organization.

Children who have to come some distance to school bring with them for their midday meal a crust of dry bread and a few onions, or, in the case of the privileged few, a piece of cheese or a slice of smoked meat. Their food at home is little better, and faulty nutrition impairs their health, retards their development, and makes it difficult for them to learn their lessons.

In isolated regions, the women have little idea how to prepare substantial and nourishing meals, even when the necessary ingredients are at hand. Courses in hygiene and domestic economy are organized in several villages by state institutions and private agencies, but it is impossible to establish them everywhere. This is where the Junior Red Cross school canteens are serving a double purpose, in providing nourishing food to the pupils, and in enabling the older girls to learn how to prepare wholesome, appetizing meals in an economical and hygienic manner. In certain villages, the womenfolk of the pupils offer their services as volunteers in the school canteens and contribute towards their upkeep. Realizing the immense services which these canteens are rendering to the community at large, the educational authorities and teachers encourage them in every possible way.

The admirable team spirit shown by all concerned is revealed in the following letter from a primary school inspector:

"Two women teachers supervise the work of the school canteen. The older pupils prepare the meals and ensure order and cleanliness. The Juniors contribute towards the upkeep of the canteen, and organize amateur theatricals as a means of raising funds for this purpose. The villagers also take their share in keeping the canteen going by donating foodstuffs. The aim of the canteens is not limited to providing the children with strengthening meals; they are designed also to give girls a sound training in domestic hygiene and economy so as to fit them for their future rôle as housewives."

At the outset, school canteens were regarded as purely philanthropic institutions, the object of which was to supply children with food in time of public disaster. This conception was soon modified as it was seen how much influence they were exercising on health and social education. They are on the way to becoming a permanent institution, and their number is continually growing. During the school year 1933-34, nearly 700 canteens were established in different parts of the country, and 40,000 children were fed in them.

The Committee of the Yugoslav Red Cross has undertaken to construct shelters to house the school canteens, and offers pecuniary aid to Junior groups desiring to organize canteens, on condition that the Juniors themselves contribute from their own funds towards the project. Valuable assistance has also been received from the American Red Cross which has accorded grants from the National Children's Fund for this purpose.

# Pumpkins and Pageants

ANNA MILO UPJOHN

Illustrations by the Author

THEY began thinking of Christmas a long time ahead at Top Notch Farm.

On a June-day, when Jerry wanted to go swimming instead of cultivating the corn, his mother brought a bag of pumpkin seeds and said, "Here, plant your own Christmas pies between the corn hills!"

Or when Katy, deep in her book, forgot feeding time, mother would sigh, "Shall I have to pluck a scrawny turkey for our Christmas dinner, I wonder?"

Or if Billy grumbled at knocking bugs off the potato vines, she would call out, "Don't forget the mashed potatoes and gravy!"

But that was Mom's way of always making people feel that there was something ahead.

Jerry's vine put out leaves that threw shadows as big as pie plates. Then came floppy, yellow flowers that fell, leaving green nubbins. One of those grew into an enormous pumpkin. When the corn was cut, it lay on the stubble field blazing like a—well, like a pumpkin! Jerry was glad that no one could see him try to lift it. Strong as he was for a ten-year-old, his arms would not go round it. So he turned the pumpkin on its side and gently rolled it across the field, taking care to avoid the spiked stubble.

After that, there seemed nothing more for Jerry to do about Christmas.

Then one night the snow came. It lay thick over the blue mountains; and all at once there were coasting parties, and talk of a Christmas entertainment.

The girls were strong for a pageant of New Hampshire farm life. They wanted to show it from the time the state was settled by men who gave the names of their home towns in England—Dorchester, Plymouth, Dover—to their new homes here, down to the present day.

"And we could have a colonial kitchen as a setting. Then every one of us could bring something from home to furnish it!"

But Jerry wanted a stony pasture as a back-ground. "The very first thing they had to do, great-great-grandfathers and all of them, was to clear up the stones. Why, even now Bill and I go up to the hill pasture and pick 'em out with crowbars. It's like weeding a garden!" he said.

"Or a maple-sugar camp," said Tom Sackett.

But pasture and sugar camp were voted down

as too hard to stage. "You can do so many things in a kitchen and hang so many things on the walls," said the girls. And, as they were in the majority, they got it.

So the boys good-naturedly made an imitation fireplace, and, after the first rehearsal, it was agreed that the kitchen was a good choice, and that the pageant would be a success.

On Christmas Eve the actors swept the assembly room and decorated it with evergreens.

"But we haven't enough ground pine for the south end," cried the committee for arrangements. "Who will get it?"

"We will," said Billy McKay.

When he and Jerry got home they harnessed Major to the bob-sled, and cut across pastures to the forest. It was thawing. Clouds hung low over the blue-black mountains. It would be dark early.

"There's lots of ground pine near the Animal Track. We can get that quickly," said Billy.

They tied Major at the edge of the road, covered him with the buffalo robe, and plunged into the weeds, working their way through the snow-laden hemlocks.

In the heart of the forest, where the trees formed a roof of shadows, there ran a path worn deep in the rock floor of the woods. It led downward into dark silence, and, clearly cut in the snow that half filled it, was the slot of a deer.

"Look, they've been going down for water," whispered Jerry. "If we wait maybe we'll see a deer." They stood motionless.

For ages the wild animals of the region had followed this track to water. They had formed it with their hoofs and paws. To it ran all the tiny trails of the forest, just as the New Hampshire country side-roads run into the main highways leading to Canada and Maine.

Presently there was a stirring in the underbrush. The pine branches parted and a young doe stood in the opening. She glanced fearfully about her with hot, wild eyes, her head thrown back, her nostrils quivering as she caught the terrifying smell of humans. Then, with a bound she shot down the track and was lost in the dusk.

The boys were thrilling with excitement, but like good woodsmen they had not moved a muscle. Now Billy whispered, "Wait, there may be another."







*He turned the pumpkin on its side and rolled it across the field*

Silence. Then again a rustle, the snap of a twig. A rabbit hopped onto the track. It sat erect, with ears pricked, as though, like the deer, it sensed something strange and hostile.

Stealthily Billy's hand reached down for a stone. But Jerry's fingers gripped his wrist, strong as a steel trap. At the same instant came the crack of stone on stone, and a flicker of white showed the flight of the rabbit down the track.

"What's that?"

Bill and Jerry listened breathlessly. Visions of hungry Indians crouching there with drawn bows, waiting for deer or bear, flitted through their minds. But that was long ago. There were no Indians in these woods now. Yet someone had thrown a stone.

"Perhaps it was a pine cone falling."

"It wasn't. It was a stone!" Bill growled it out, ashamed of being frightened.

"... and say, what got you, anyway? What did you grab my hand for? I could have killed that rabbit."

Jerry stood abashed. "I dunno; it don't seem right to kill anything tonight."

Silence again. Only the soft thud of snow slipping from some overlaid branch.

The boys had never heard the legend that on Christmas Eve the animals have the gift of speech, and are more joyous than on any other day of the year. But their own farm beasts had taught them sympathy for dumb things. After a while Billy said, "I guess that's so. There's no call to kill little wild things in their own forest—for us, anyway. We've plenty to eat at home."

They began looking for ground pine, pulling up great wreaths of it from under the snow, shaking it and laying it in heaps to be carried away.

But now and then they stopped and looked about them uneasily. Like the rabbit and the deer, they felt that some unknown thing was watching them. Someone had thrown a stone. They could not forget that.

"There, I guess that's enough," said Billy, stooping for one last vine. As he jerked it up, his eyes met a pair of darker eyes, peering at him from under the branches of a young hemlock.

His face went white, then red to the ears. He stepped back.

"Whatcher doing there?" he demanded.

A boy taller than himself rose from the scrub. In his hand he carried a leather sling.

"Whatcher doing yourself?" he asked roughly. "I was aiming to get myself a rabbit for supper. You scared off the only one I've seen in an hour."

The three boys gazed at one another full of suspicion, like dogs newly met. Jerry, looking at the sling, felt a warm throb of joy that the rabbit had escaped. But there was something lonely and tired about this boy with his worn shoes and frost-bitten hands.

"Are you lost?" asked Jerry.

"Not in these woods," answered the stranger scornfully, "not if I know enough to find the Animal Track. Why the old road to Sugar Hill is only a quarter mile west of here."

"That's right. We came that way. Where you going?"

"Over to Martin's Corners, the other side of the mountain. My grand-dad lives there. I aimed to get there for Christmas, but I can't make it."

"Where you coming from?"

"Hitch-hiking from Concord. I wanted to get a job there, but they said I was too young to work." He laughed scornfully.

"We work," said Billy. "I'm twelve and I do the milking, and Jerry and I look after all the animals. How old are you?"

"Fifteen, and I'm strong, too. But I couldn't get a job." He kicked the snow sulkily. "So I thought I'd hike to my grand-dad's. Maybe I can do his farm work for him."

"I bet he'll be glad to see you come," said Jerry sympathetically.

"Maybe. I dunno. Then I remembered the Animal Track and thought perhaps I could find something to eat—but now—" He sat down weakly on a fallen tree and let his hands drop

between his knees.

There was an awkward silence, and then Billy said, "If you'll come home with us, I guess Pa might take you over to Martin's in the car."

"How far is it to your house?"

"Oh, about two miles."

The boy put his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands. Was he going to cry? But no; his lips were firm when he looked up.

"Well, I'll try. And thank you," he added, getting to his feet.

Seeing his shaking knees, Bill encouraged him. "You won't have far to walk; we've a horse and sled on the road."

Under the buffalo robe Jerry hunted in his pockets for a piece of chewing gum.

"Here, take this till we get home. Mom'll give us some supper. What's your name?"

"Wilbur Thorpe. Thanks."

The sky was lemon-green and the mountains were black against it. Lights began to glow in kitchen windows, and smoke rose from chimneys behind the hills. It was supper-time. As they drove into the yard, a ravishing smell greeted them, warm, sweet, spicy.

"Mom's making gingerbread," cried Jerry. All at once his stomach gnawed. To unharness Major and shake down his hay seemed an impossible wait.

At the smell of food, Wilbur had begun to tremble all over. Even if Bill and Jerry had given him a thought, they could not have realized what it was to be faint with hunger. They had never missed a meal in their lives.

The kitchen was filled with warmth and fragrance. The kettle hummed; the cat snoozed. Katy was washing dishes, and her apron strings flew out with surprise when she saw the visitor. Mom came out of the pantry with a bowl of apples.

"Is supper over?" asked Jerry blankly.

"It is. Why are you so late?"

"We went to get greens—for the pageant. And Ma—we found him in the woods. His name is Wilbur Thorpe."

"I wasn't lost," explained Wilbur, proudly.

"No, he wasn't lost; he was hitch-hiking to his grand-dad's in Martin's, and he was just looking around on the Animal Track for something to eat. Maybe Pa'll take him to Martin's in the car. Say, Mom, I'm hungry!"

Mom was watching Wilbur's face, noting his white cheeks, his trembling hands. She poured three glasses of warm milk before she spoke. Then she said, "Yes, I think Pa'll drive him over, but not tonight. It's going to snow. Perhaps Wilbur can stay for the pageant, and then

Pa'll take him over the next day. But now you must all have supper."

The smell of sizzling ham woke the cat and made Wilbur dizzy.

"I'd like to stay," he said in answer to Mom's smile.

Katy brought bread and maple syrup. Mom put a pie on the table and began cutting it in triangles.

"Is that the pie you made from my punkin, Mom?"

"It's one of them. How many children did you say there were in the pageant?"

"Forty-eight."

"Well, that pumpkin made twenty pies! Tomorrow you can take them all down to the school to eat after the play. There'll be a piece for every one."

"Boy! I raised that pumpkin!" yelled Jerry, seeing himself as a producer and provider. "Twenty pies, Wilbur! Whatcher know about that?"

"Some punkin," murmured Wilbur, his mouth full. For the first time in many days he was getting enough to eat. That night as he lay under the home-made quilts, he realized that people had been eating suppers in that kitchen for generations and generations; eating what they themselves had raised, bringing brother-men to share it; cutting pies for boys. And all the time, beyond the stony fields there had been the background of the forest with the Animal Track running through it—deer and bear, fox and badger, rabbit and porcupine, going down to the springs that stand in the hollows; no sound except the click of a hoof, the padding of paws, the trickle of water running down the tree trunks, sopping into the thick moss. "That's New Hampshire, I guess," thought Wilbur, drifting into sleep.

The next morning he found at his plate a pair of mittens from Bill, one of Katy's treasured books, a tool from Pa's chest, a box of cookies from Mom, and from Jerry a little bag of pumpkin seeds.

"They're from my big pumpkin. You plant 'em in the spring, and maybe you'll have the same luck I did."

Wilbur thought: "Yesterday I had nothing but my sling. Now I've some real *things*!" He went with the boys to the schoolhouse to help them put up the greens they had cut the day before. They made wreaths for the electric lights above the fireplace at the end of the room, and hung a great bunch of ground pine between them. Then they went onto the stage and looked across at it, to get the effect. "It looks fine," said Wilbur.



*Jerry was in the old kitchen on the stage, cutting pies*

"Now there's a fireplace at each end of the room. The fake one we made on the stage and the real one opposite. But I like ours best," said Billy.

WHEN Wilbur pulled off his mittens the better to clap the pageant, he found his sling in his pocket; his sling, and a good-sized pebble. He stuffed his mittens into the other pocket, and, as the play went on, he turned the stone over and over between his fingers.

Everyone had come to the pageant. The judge made a speech. Then the curtain was drawn, and Wilbur saw the stage fireplace with a row of brass candlesticks above it, and near it a small boy on a three-legged stool shelling corn. On the other side sat a little girl knitting a stocking, one foot on the rocker of a low cradle. On the walls hung pewter mugs and brass warming pans, muskets and wooden spoons.

A tall girl in white cap and blue apron stirred the pot; another poured melted tallow into candle molds; a third twirled wool from a distaff. Four boys entered, one carrying saddlebags, another an armful of wood. They took down the muskets, pulled on knee boots and Pilgrim hats, and went out. The tall girl took loaves of bread from an oven in the wall, while the small boy swept the hearth with a broom of birch twigs.

Back rushed the hunters, dragging Judge Bascom's stuffed deer. The fox rug from the McKay's front room was slung over Jerry's shoulder. While the girls welcomed them with signs of

joy, Indian faces, daubed with war-paint, peered in at the window. The wooden shutters were slammed to, and the boys stuck their muskets into the chinks of the wall. The curtain swung across.

In the next scene a merchant brought porcelain, silk shawls, and Chinese boxes to show that the clipper ships of Portsmouth were trading with the Orient. Lamps came in and candles went out. The spinning-wheel was taken off on one side of the stage, while the sewing machine came in on the other. The small boy had a good broom.

The last scene showed the girls with bobbed hair and the boys in plus-fours and sweaters. Then, just as a boy entered with his hands full of electric bulbs and the girls were carrying out the oil lamps, as Katy was putting bread on the electric toaster, and the small boy ran a vacuum-cleaner over the stage, all the actors stopped short, with terror-filled eyes fixed on the real fireplace at the opposite end of the room. Someone had left a paper hanging over the mantelshelf, a greasy paper that had wrapped a pie. It grew hot, became singed, then a spark stung it into flame. Right above it hung the bunch of greens. The blazing paper leaped toward it, flicked it, caught it. In an instant it was a mass of flame, licking to the ceiling.

Someone cried "Fire!" A ripple of panic ran through the crowd. People sprang up in fright.

"Wait!" cried the judge, "don't move!"

A man had already dashed toward the mantel with a chair, but before he could reach it, Whiz! Bang! The stone from Wilbur's sling had cut the string, and the bunch of burning pine fell to the hearth, where a dozen feet kicked it into the fireplace.

Cheers went up from the crowd. The boys pelted down from the stage, crowding around Wilbur. "Great work! Good shot!" Everyone wanted to see the sling. The judge shook hands with Wilbur: "A good shot and a quick wit," he said, "and it shows that we shouldn't scrap all the old stuff. Why, the sling is the oldest thing we have seen tonight, yet it saved us!"

Above the hubbub Jerry's voice rang out:

"Come and get your chow, boys!" There he was in the old kitchen on the stage, cutting pies.

Wilbur looked up at Mrs. McKay: "Seems like it was a pageant that isn't finished yet," he murmured.

"That's true, and now you are in it, Wilbur. Next year you'll be raising pumpkins yourself!"

But that was Mom's way of making people feel that there was always something ahead.



# The Story of Books

GERTRUDE HARTMAN

THE earliest writing that we know about was made on stone. Many, many centuries ago there grew up along the Nile River in Egypt a wonderful civilization. On the walls of their tombs and temples and monuments the Egyptians carved the history of their kings, stories of their gods, and accounts of many important events, thus preserving for us a faithful record of their life.

The first Egyptian writing was in the form of little pictures. Such writing was very slow and laborious, and gradually this picture writing was changed and improved. As time went on the Egyptians learned how to give the ideas they wanted to express in a shorter way by leaving out parts of the picture. Also, as they came to express their thoughts more and more in writing, they found that many ideas could not be expressed by pictures, and they made up signs for these. So by a long, slow process the early picture writing gradually developed into a system of signs.

Writing on stone was very difficult, and writing would not have progressed very far if people had not discovered some other means of recording their thoughts and deeds. Fortunately along the marshy banks of the Nile grew quantities of a tall, reed-like plant called papyrus. Its triangular stem was made up of thin layers of fibers. And the Egyptians discovered that from them they could make a good material for writing on. The stems were split into long, thin strips. Across these was laid another layer of strips placed at right angles, and the two layers were pressed together and dried in the sun. The sheets were pasted together end to end, sometimes to the length of forty feet. So the books of the Egyptians were really long rolls, or scrolls. These were wound on two sticks and the roll was un-



*An Egyptian papyrus*

wound from one stick to the other as it was read.

Another kind of writing grew up in ancient Assyria. The Assyrians did not have papyrus to write on, as the Egyptians did, nor was there much stone in their country on which they could carve inscriptions. But there were great quantities of clay, and of this material the Assyrians made their books. They took smooth, wet clay bricks and, while these were soft, wrote on them with a metal stylus. It was difficult to make curves with the stylus, so the writing of the Assyrians was made of little wedge-shaped marks like arrowheads. This kind of writing is called cuneiform from a Latin word that means wedge. The bricks were baked in the sun to make them hard.

The Phoenicians, who lived on the Mediterranean Sea near the Egyptians, borrowed the Egyptian signs and greatly improved them. The Phoenicians were the world's first traders. They needed some simple and quick way of keeping their records and for writing to people at a distance. So the Phoenicians completed the work of the Egyptians, making a true alphabet, by inventing letters to represent different sounds.

As the Phoenician traders traveled about and came in contact with other nations of the ancient world their alphabet gradually spread to other peoples. First it spread to the Greeks and from the Greeks to the Romans. The Romans passed it on to the later nations of Europe, and thus it became the basis of the alphabet we use today. Of course great changes came into the alphabet as it passed from nation to nation. Each nation modified it to its own needs.

During the Middle Ages the only books in the world were those made by monks in the monasteries. These books were called manuscripts,

which means written by hand, for they were all carefully and painstakingly written out by hand by the monks. Almost every monastery had a room called a scriptorium where monks, called scribes, sat all day long copying books. Instead of papyrus the monks used parchment made from the skins of sheep, or vellum, made from the skin of the calf.

As long as papyrus was the material used for writing, the book was in the form of scrolls, but the use of parchment made a more convenient form possible, with separate pages bound together in the fashion we are familiar with today.

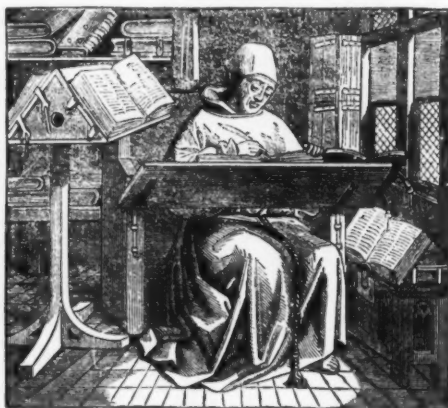
The scribes delighted in ornamenting the initial letters of the chapters of their books with fine gold or rich color, and scattered here and there throughout the text beautiful little pictures of angels and saints. In some books the border around each page was ornamented with garlands and vines, and sometimes among the leafy branches were tucked away small creatures — butterflies and bees, little birds, scarlet ladybugs, and pale green dragon flies with wings like rainbows. It often took even a skilful scribe several months to make a single copy of a book.

When all the pages of the book were done they were bound in leather and made beautiful with heavy carved silver corners and huge clasps. Some books were covered with velvet, some with ivory, delicately carved. Some were made of beaten gold, exquisitely wrought and set with pearls and other jewels.

These books, so slowly and carefully made by the monks, were, of course, very rare and precious. Even wealthy people seldom owned more



*A leaf from the Biblia Pauperum, the Bible of the Poor, an early block book.*



*Before printing was invented scribes laboriously copied books by hand*

than one or two of them. Not until a quicker way of making books could be discovered could books be produced in such numbers that everybody could have them.

A new way of making books was invented, which was a great deal quicker. For each page of a book a printer took a block of wood and drew upon it whatever picture and text he wanted to print and cut away the wood, leaving the outlines of the pictures and the letters. The block was inked and paper laid on it and rubbed on the back with a brush, and the pages bound together into a book. These books were called block books. Books like this were, of course, cheaper than those written out by hand by the monks. The poor people could not afford the beautiful hand-made books of the monks, but these cheap, simple picture books became very popular. One of the best known of these block books was the Biblia Pauperum, or Bible of the Poor. It was a series of forty pictures representing incidents in the Old Testament and the life of Christ.

But even block printing was a slow process, for a block had to be carved for each page. And this was still such a task that only books of a few pages could be made in this way. Then about the middle of the fifteenth century, John Gutenberg, who lived in Mainz, Germany, thought of a much quicker way of making books.

Gutenberg had made several block books and found the work very slow. One day the idea came to him that if the different letters of the alphabet were carved separately they could be combined to make the words of one book and could be used over and over again. The idea took

possession of him, and he gave all his time and strength and money to working out a way of doing this.

Gutenberg first made letters of wood, but found that the wood was so soft that it wore out quickly. Then he tried making the letters of metal. First he tried lead, but he found that too soft. Then he tried iron, but it would not work. Then he decided that he must make a combination of metals.

When Gutenberg came to print with metal type he found that so much pressure was needed to make the impression of the letters that he needed a press. So he invented a printing press much like the presses that were used for making wine in those days.

Gutenberg's little press was a very simple affair. It was just an upright frame. It had a big screw which worked up and down. On the lower end of the screw a board was fastened. By turning the screw the board could be forced up or down. The type was inked and set in a wood frame beneath the board. The paper was laid over the type and the screw forced the board tightly down on the paper. Then the screw was worked up, the board was lifted with it, and the paper ready to take out with the printing on it!

For years Gutenberg had worked night and day upon different parts of his invention. Into it went, little by little, all the money he had saved. And the time came when he did not have enough money to carry on his work. A rich goldsmith named Faust, or Fust, helped him by lending him money, and formed a partnership with him. Their plan was to print a Bible. It was to be printed in Latin, and was to look in every way like the best of the manuscript books.

So Gutenberg began to work on one of the greatest books of all times. He thought that he would have his Bible finished in three years. But, alas! five years passed and still the Bible was not finished. Fust had invested a large sum in the enterprise, and not one cent had been returned. So he brought suit against Gutenberg to recover the money he had lent him. The judge decided in Fust's favor. Gutenberg had nothing with which to repay the loan, and everything that he owned went to Fust. Thus Gutenberg faced ruin, but he did not despair. He started work once more.

In the end Gutenberg was recognized as the inventor of printing and received the honor due

him. We are glad to know that he was granted a pension and spent his last days in peace.

With the movable type, any book could be put into type almost as quickly as the old copyist could write it down, and any number of copies could easily be printed.

The art of printing, thus begun in Germany, soon spread to other countries, and before the close of the fifteenth century presses were busy in every country of Europe and books were being printed at a rate undreamed of by the patient monks of the monasteries.

Printing, however, could not have made great headway if paper had not come to be known in Europe at about the same time, as parchment and vellum were too heavy for the printing presses. Centuries earlier the Chinese had discovered that paper could be made from rags. The Arabs learned the art from the Chinese and passed it on to Europe.

With the invention of printing books became very much cheaper. Interest in reading spread steadily among the people. Thousands of people who could not read began to learn so that they could find out what was in the new books.

For more than four hundred years after Gutenberg all type was set by hand, inked by hand, and the press was operated by hand. The need of some speedier way of printing was generally recognized. Late in the eighteenth century, iron presses were substituted for the old wooden ones; and in the nineteenth century the hand press gave way to machine presses run by steam.

Type set up by hand could not keep up with the new printing machines. Inventors tried to produce a machine that could set type more quickly. Then came the invention of the linotype machine by Ottmar Mergenthaler. It has a keyboard like a typewriter. As the operator taps a key on the machine the machine takes a brass die, or mold, from its place and sets it in the line. When the line is complete it is pushed away to a place near a little pot of molten metal. The machine pours metal on the line of brass dies. This hardens almost instantly and the whole line of type slides out into a tray. So line after line is prepared.

The printing press was one of the most wonderful inventions in the world. Before it was invented, few people could read, and knowledge spread slowly; but after it was invented the stored up wisdom of all the ages was opened up to all who could read.



An early print shop



# Marcelino's Piñata

EMMA REH

"BURRO! Burro!" By the tone of the boy's voice, the leader of the pair of donkeys trotting sedately ahead of the Indian family knew that it was to take the other fork of the branching trail.

Once a week, Marcelino and his family went to market in Toluca, and the burro was used to that road. This time, however, they were going to Mexico City. Christmas was the occasion. Both donkeys were loaded with crates of toys packed in hay. Like his father, his mother, and his sister, Marcelino carried a pack on his back.

Tomorrow they would reach the city. The boy's heart pounded in anticipation. All year long he had had in his memory the automobiles of the city; the beautiful streets; the big houses, and the well-dressed people, not wearing sandals and unbleached cotton pajamas like himself, nor with serapes for coats. Most of all he had had in mind an airplane he had seen in a downtown plaza. Sometimes airplanes zoomed over his village in the mountains, bound for faraway places.

Now he was taking toy airplanes to the city to sell. The crate on his back was filled with them. His father and sister carried clay lambs, burros, and shepherds in their packs, and his mother, saints and other holy figures. During the last months the whole family had been busy making these things for the city sales. Certain Indian families of Chiquihuitepec (chick-ee-whée-tepek) and neighboring villages took wares to trade every Christmas season in the capital.

Marcelino's father picked a clearing by a big pine tree in which to stop for the night. Each member of the family let down the pack he had supported on his forehead by a strap. The boy unloaded the animals, tethering them where there was grass. The mother, already squatting on the ground, was making a fire with some rosin chips and twigs between three stones. The father cut larger wood with his *machete* (ma-shay-te) and soon the hearth blazed lustily. It would be cold that December night in the high mountain.

A pot of beans that had been stopped up with a cabbage leaf was taken from the pack and set on the three stones. The children took cold *tortillas* (tor-teé-yas) from the calabash and toasted them on the coals at the side. How good the *frijoles* (free-ho-les) tasted wrapped up in the hot tortillas!

As it grew dusk, the distant lights of Mexico City popped out, far beyond and below in the deep valley which lay before them. The lights seemed almost as many as the stars overhead. With a feeling of wondrous adventures ahead, the boy rolled in his patterned blanket and fell asleep, his cheek on the sweet pine needles.

Next morning as they wound down the mountain trail before dawn the distant city lights



Mexican dolls

blinked out one by one. The dark sky grew pale over the twin volcanoes that rise above the mountain rim girdling in the Valley of Mexico. Suddenly the sun rose like a fireball, glancing off the snow and ice that covered the tips of the mountains.

The family reached the city in good time. Marcelino helped his father build the family stall. A frame, as of a small house, was set up of new pine lumber. The roof and three sides were covered with white muslin. A counter of boards and cloth was erected in front, facing the street. Here the pottery figures of the lambs and shepherds and saints were set up in proper groups for display.

The stall to the right belonged to a Tarascan Indian family from Michoacan (me-cho-a-káhn). They had lacquered gourds and wooden trays for sale. The colors were blue, green, red, yellow, and black. The family's specialty was an orchid pattern. The booth on the left belonged to Indians from Puebla. They had miniature sombreros and baskets woven out of horsehair dyed in brilliant colors. These were strung together, making necklaces, bracelets, and belts. The

stand across the street was owned by families from Oaxaca (wah-hah-ka). They had blue, yellow, and green pottery, and toy dishes so tiny that they were marveled at by everyone there.

While his mother set up house-keeping behind the new counter within the white cloth stalls, Marcelino unpacked his precious toy airplanes.

The next day was the sixteenth of December, the beginning of the Mexican Christmas season. All day, from morning until late at night, crowds milled by to look, and sometimes to buy. People were as numerous as the hairs on the hide of a deer, it seemed to Marcelino. He marveled at the city clothing, and mostly at the hats of women. His mother wore a *rebozo* (ray-bó-so), or shawl.

Marcelino now retired into the interior of his new cloth house to fabricate a *piñata* (pee-nyah-ta). For this he had brought along an enormous pottery jar, and colored paper cut to certain sizes. He covered the big-bellied pot with purple tissue. Then he fastened a set of golden wings on the side, and a silver tail at the back. A red cardboard propeller was provided for the front, and green wheels for the bottom. An airplane was ready, its cabin the big hollow pot. He hung it on a string from a pole for sale.

The other stalls also hung out *piñatas*. They were in the form of clowns, cowboys, generals, animals, birds, fish. There was a Charlie Chaplin and a Pancho Villa. Rich parents bought them. They were to be filled with candy and gifts and broken by the children at a party, although Marcelino could not imagine smashing his proud work of art.

"Father! Look! An airplane!" A girl of Marcelino's age pointed out his *piñata* to her father. She had white skin, unlike his dark Indian brown, and hair that curled. The deal was made, and an Indian maid who followed her carried off his gorgeous airplane.

The rich girl was going to a *posada* (po-sáh-da) that afternoon, as well as the next afternoon and the next, and, in fact, every day until Christmas Eve. That last day, the party was to be in her own house. All the girls who had invited her to *posadas* in their homes would be her guests then. There was no school to interfere. In Mexico "summer" vacations come in winter time, between October and February.

For her big party, Mercedes wished to have

the most beautiful and original *piñata* in town. The best ones in the stalls are bought up early; so she was shopping well in advance. In all the stalls, there had been none lovelier than Marcelino's plane, with its golden wings and silver tail. The

object of art whose idea had been worked out in an adobe hut at Chiquihuitepec was to end its days in Mercedes' city mansion.

Marcelino's whole house could be fitted into one of her rooms. He would have marveled at its satin walls, its brocaded hangings, its graceful, gilded chairs, but, most of all, at the chandeliers with their countless cut-glass prisms dangling.

The day of the rich girl's party came. An orchestra of stringed instru-



Toys from a Mexican market. The funny animal is a whistle made of pottery

ments was half-hidden by the palms in the open patio. It struck up a certain lively tune. This was a signal for Chonchita and her brother to do the *jarabe* (hah-ráh-be), popular Mexican dance. Conchita and Miguel were always asked for this dance at parties. She was dressed in a red and green bespangled skirt, enormously full and long, and a white blouse richly embroidered with red roses. Miguel, in the costume of a gala cowboy, wore tight black suede trousers with silver buttons down the sides, a big sombrero, silver embroidered, and a short jacket. As they did their dance, everyone grew enthusiastic, even the parents who were watching. In the end, all cheered. In Mexico, people cheer the *jarabe*, as Southerners in the United States cheer "Dixie."

After this first piece, all the boys and girls danced. After a while, the master of ceremonies, Mercedes' father, called upon a boy to recite. It was a stirring poem, done with motions and emotions. A girl sang. Games followed.

The dining-room doors parted, revealing a brilliantly lighted table beautifully arranged. Scarlet poinsettias, as big as wheels, formed the centerpiece. There were many kinds of cake, all more fancifully built than one ever sees in the United States, because there is a different sort of imagination among the Mexicans. Ice cream was served in unusual shapes and many colors.

Now it grew dark. It was time for the *piñata*, the grand climax of the party. The doors to the patio were thrown open. Japanese lanterns

(Continued on page 90)



'T WAS Christmas time, a dreary night,  
 The snow fell thick and fast;  
 And o'er the country swept the wind,  
 A keen and wintry blast.  
 The Robin early went to bed,  
 Puffed out just like a ball;  
 He slept all night on one small leg  
 Yet managed not to fall.  
 When morning came he left the tree,  
 But stared in great surprise  
 Upon the strange unusual scene  
 That lay before his eyes.  
 It seemed as if a great white sheet  
 Were flung o'er all the lawn;  
 The flower-beds, the paths, the trees,  
 And all the shrubs were gone;  
 His little feet grew sadly cold,  
 And felt all slippery too,  
 He stumbled when he hopped along  
 As folks on ice will do.  
 No food today had touched his beak,  
 And not a chance had he  
 Of ever touching it again,  
 As far as he could see.  
 Half-blinded, on and on he roamed,  
 Quite through the squire's park;  
 At last he stood before the house,  
 But it was cold and dark.  
 So on he went, and as it chanced,  
 He passed into a lane,  
 And once again he saw a light,  
 Inside a window pane.  
 'Twas Jim the sexton's house from which  
 Shone forth that cheering light,

For Jim had drawn the curtain back  
 To gaze upon the night.  
 And now, with lantern in his hand  
 He hobbles down the lane,  
 Mutt'ring and grumbling to himself  
 Because his foot's in pain.  
 He gains the church, then for the key  
 Within his pocket feels,  
 And as he puts it in the door  
 Robin is at his heels.  
 The stove had not burnt very low,  
 But still was warm and bright,  
 And round the spot whereon it stood  
 Threw forth a cheerful light.  
 Jim lost no time; he flung on coals,  
 And raked the ashes out,  
 Then hurried off to go to bed,  
 Still grumbling at his gout.  
 Now Robin from a corner hopped,  
 Within the fire's light;  
 Shivering and cold, it was to him  
 A most enchanting sight.  
 But he is almost starved, poor bird;  
 Food he must have, or die;  
 Useless it seems, alas, for that  
 Within these walls to try.  
 Yet see; he makes a sudden dart,  
 His searching eye has found  
 The greatest treasure he could have—  
 Some bread crumbs on the ground;  
 Perhaps 'tis thought by those who read,  
 Too doubtful to be true,  
 That just when they were wanted so  
 Some hand should bread crumbs strew.





But this is how it came to pass;  
 An ancient dame had said  
 Her legacy unto the poor—  
 Should all be spent in bread.  
 So every week twelve wheaten loaves  
 The sexton brought himself,  
 And crumbs had doubtless fallen when  
 He placed them on the shelf.  
 Enough there were for quite a feast,  
 Robin was glad to find;  
 The hungry fellow ate them all,  
 Nor left one crumb behind.  
 He soon was quite himself again,  
 And it must be confessed  
 His first thought, being warmed and fed,  
 Was all about his breast.  
 To smooth its scarlet feathers down  
 Our hero did not fail,  
 And when he'd made it smart, he then  
 Attended to his tail.  
 His toilet done, he went to sleep,  
 And never once awoke,  
 Till, coming in on Christmas morn,  
 Jim gave the stove a poke.  
 Then in alarm he flew away  
 Along the middle aisle,  
 And perching on the pulpit top  
 He rested there awhile.  
 But what an unexpected sight  
 Is this that meets his eyes;  
 The church is dressed with holly green,  
 To him, so great a prize.  
 For 'mongst the leaves the berries hung,  
 Inviting him to eat,

On every side were hundreds more,  
 A rich and endless treat.  
 He could not know that Christian folks  
 Had brought the holly green,  
 That so their joy for Jesus' birth  
 Might in this way be seen.  
 Now, very soon a little troop  
 Of children entered in;  
 They came to practice Christmas songs,  
 Ere service should begin.  
 The rector followed them himself,  
 To help the young ones on,  
 And teach their voices how to sing  
 In tune, their Christmas song.  
 When suddenly, from high above,  
 Another song they hear,  
 And all look up with hushed amaze,  
 At notes so sweet and clear.  
 'Twas Robin sitting on a spray  
 Of twisted holly bright;  
 His light weight swayed it, as he sang  
 His song with all his might.  
 His heart was full of happiness,  
 And this it was that drew  
 Praise to his Maker, in the way,  
 The only way he knew.  
 The rector's finger lifted up,  
 Kept all the children still,  
 Their eyes uplifted to the bird  
 Singing with open bill.  
 They scarcely breathed, lest they should lose  
 One note of that sweet strain;  
 And Robin scarcely paused before  
 He took it up again.

# AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

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## WORTH ASKING FOR

SOME Junior groups like to give in December a sort of pageant showing Christmas customs in other lands. We have some fine material for the purpose which we will be glad to send on request. It is called "Christmas Stars and Candles" and tells about customs in a number of countries.

This is only one item in a great deal of interesting material that your membership in the Junior Red Cross may bring you. With your enrollment you get the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS every month for nine months, the Upjohn poster showing children in bright national costumes signing the membership roll, the membership buttons, and the *Program of Activities* illustrated with colored pictures of children of other lands painted by Miss Upjohn.

You get much more than these. Enrollment gives your group the privilege of corresponding with schools in other countries or in other parts of the United States. We have an illustrated pamphlet telling how such correspondence may be carried on.

Junior Red Cross members promise to look after their health so as to be more fit for service. Eating the right sort of food is important. "Dinner Is Served at the South Pole" tells in an entertaining way about those mysterious food elements, the vitamins. We have reprints of that from the News for last January.

[86]

Maybe your Junior Red Cross group will want to give a play. You may have free mimeographed plays about health and international friendship, and for Christmas entertainments.

There are words and music for Junior Red Cross songs, too, and patterns for making toys. One of the best ways to organize your work is to have a Junior Red Cross Council. We shall be glad to supply suggestions for forming a Council. There is an account of what a school in California did with the material in the *Program* and the *News*. There is a printed pamphlet that gives the story of the world's Red Cross. That story will make you proud of your membership.

If you want any of this material, just write for it to National Red Cross Headquarters, Washington, D. C.; the Midwestern Branch Office, American Red Cross, St. Louis, Missouri; or the Pacific Branch Office, American Red Cross, San Francisco, California.

## THE PROGRAM PICTURE

IMAGINE streets laid on the top of a sandstone spur, above a river gorge. Through them flow swift, clear streams. From them are views of a mountain range, eternally white. In one direction the streets run to a superb town hall, in the other to bear pits, where lumbering bruins climb their skeleton trees to beg for buns from the passersby.

There are streets built with massive arches that protect shoppers from snow in winter and from wind, rain, and sun the rest of the year. These arcades are lined with shop windows hard to pass; for they are filled with wood carvings, woolens, watches, copper kettles, pottery, jaunty felt hats, Alpine stocks, toys, and gingerbread. This is Bern, from which Johanna comes. It has been a free city since 1218. Here live foreign ministers, here is a mint, a cathedral. No wonder Johanna's costume has a touch of elegance.

But Bern is the name of a canton as well as of a city, the largest and richest of the twenty-two cantons of Switzerland. And the picture was made, not in the city, but in a quiet corner of the canton of Bern. Look on the map for the little town of Morat. It is a lovely leftover of the Middle Ages, and is guarded by turreted walls, along whose inner side run the ancient galleries where sentries once watched and soldiers defended the place in times of danger. Below the town, vineyards slope to a reed-grown lake, a paradise for birds. In its shallows have been found remains of lake villages, the prehistoric habitations of the earliest known people in Switzerland, whose homes sank beneath a flood, long, long ago.—A. M. U.

# Make Your Own Decorations

FROM Poland and from Austria come these suggestions about Christmas tree decorations that would surely add to the fun this year:

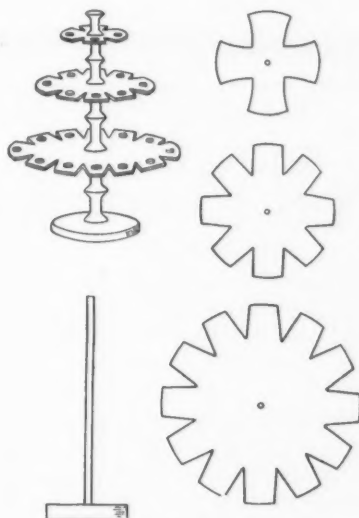
*A tiny jar of Lowicz.* Blow an egg, dry its shell, and use many-colored paper to give it the shape of a jar. At the bottom, cut out some teeth with which to fix paper to the shell; adorn the neck by gluing some narrow pieces of paper or some cut-outs on it. Make a handle out of two pieces of paper folded and glued together, for strength.

*A tiny boat.* Take half of a walnut shell, gild it, fix a sail of tissue paper to the matches that are stuck to the shell by means of sealing wax, and you will have a pretty sailing boat.

*A basket.* Take three or four halves of gilded walnut shells, glue them together as you see in the picture, place in the center a thin stick wrapped up in some paper of bright colors, and fill up the basket with tiny candy.

—Anna Podgórska in the Polish Junior Red Cross magazine.

*A candle stand.* The stand is made of wood (see diagram), and



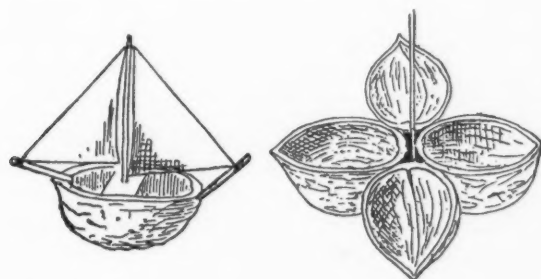
For the candle tree one needs wood that can be cut by a compass-saw, wooden spools of different sizes, a long stick, a heavy piece of wood for the base of the stand. The tools needed are the compass-saw, a brush, a file, glazed paper, compasses, glue, and a pencil.

First, three circles, 5, 3½, and 2½ inches in radius, are outlined on the wood and the notches at the edges as shown in the diagram are marked in. Then the sawing begins. The edges of the

three disks are evened up with the file and any roughness is sandpapered away. In the center of each a small round hole is cut. The "trunk" of the tree is then covered by the spools, arranged according to their size. The smooth-edge disk of heavy wood serves as the base.

The separate parts can then be stained and glazed with a wax solution. Next, the "trunk" is glued into the hole in the base. Small spools from silk thread are the best to use for the twenty-four candle holders, but one can saw up other spools. These holders must also be colored and then glued to the points on each disk. The last (twenty-fifth) candle is to be placed in the spool at the top.

—Austrian Junior Red Cross magazine



should be able to hold twenty-five candles. Little brothers and sisters are told that the holiday has come only when all the candle holders are full. Daily, at twilight, beginning December first, one candle is added.





*This winter scene came as a thank-you for Christmas boxes from Jackow, Poland*

## Polish Correspondents

*LAST March the Junior High School at Oxford, North Carolina, received a reply to the album members had sent to the village school in Hrymiacze, in Poland. One of the letters in the album said:*

“**N**OW we have winter, the ground is covered with snow and it is very cold. The frost nips our cheeks and noses, the snow creaks under our feet, but we do not mind it. We love winter and its sports; it is the merriest season of the year. We go skating, skiing, tobogganning. We have snowmen and snow fights.

“In December we have Christmas vacation for two weeks. On Christmas Eve, we do not eat anything all day long, except potatoes, and we drink tea. Meanwhile our mothers prepare a very tasteful and rich supper which consists of six dishes, at least. Our father brings four sheaves of wheat and places them in the four corners of the room. We cover the table with a white tablecloth, under which we put a handful of straw, to commemorate the fact that Jesus was born in a stable. We decorate a Christmas tree with various toys and candles.

“As soon as the first star appears in the sky we all gather around the table. At first we share with one another a piece of white wafer, as a

symbol of brotherhood and harmony, and we wish much luck and good health to one another. After supper, we light candles and sing Christmas carols. At the same time, boys go from house to house with a pretty star made out of paper and lighted with a candle and singing Christmas carols. They get from each farmer some sweets and coins. Thus, the evening is merrily spent by everybody, and at midnight we all go to church to the night service.”

*THE same Polish school sent an album to the sixth grade of Newton School, Greenfield, Massachusetts, which said in its return album:*

“**T**HE album which you mailed to us last May we received this fall on the day school opened—September twenty-first.

“We were most interested in the photographs of your school building and of your horses. We think we would enjoy riding to school on horseback. We all live so near that we walk.

“The Polish ski men who came from Zakopane to compete in the Olympics at Lake Placid were here in Greenfield at our winter carnival. Our teacher took us up to the ski jump to see them during school hours. She talked with the man-

ager, Jan Wojewicz of Warsaw, in the Polish language.

"Eleven of us in this room have parents who were born in Poland and one owns a piece of land over there from his dead mother. Our teacher is not Polish at all, but she can read, write, and speak the language and would like to take us all over to see you!"

*THE colored picture on the opposite page was made all of paper. The Polish people are experts with cut-outs. A letter from a school in Bialystok to the Hardy Junior High School in Chattanooga, Tennessee, says:*

"WE are sending you an album in which we have tried to show you some of the designs and motifs of our country's folk art that you might get an idea of the inborn artistic taste of our villages. As it is impossible for us to give you samples of the designs from all the provinces of Poland, we resolved to show you only those produced by the peasants of our province Kurpie and of the neighboring one, Lowicz. Our country folk like to be dressed in bright and pretty clothes and to decorate all the objects that surround them. They like to adorn the inside walls of their houses with bright and beautifully made cut-outs of paper, inventing themselves the designs for that kind of work. Every province has its particular colors and its own designs, so we can always tell in which province one or another design was made.

"The cut-outs are usually made in autumn and winter, during long evenings. Each village always has some girls, real artists, who create true masterpieces of this art. Others imitate them. These designs are not only painted on the walls and around windows, but they appear on Easter eggs and even on earthenware vessels which are sometimes of great beauty and easily find purchasers. The wooden chests in which they keep clothes and other valuables are brightly adorned with various designs of flowers, birds, and so on.

"The dress of a girl of Lowicz consists of a skirt with stripes of various bright colors very well combined, an apron, and a richly embroidered bodice. The dresses of the people from the province of Kurpie are not so gay and bright. These people, inhabiting huge forests on the banks of the Narev, are less merry on account of their constant struggle to earn their living. The men wear gray woolen coats and waistcoats of two colors; the women have original headgears of black velvet richly embellished with ribbons and lace of green and brown. They wear blouses with embroidered sleeves, and bodices of various colors.

"We wonder if you will like our album and we beg you not to be long in answering us."

*ONE OF the famous sights of Poland is the great salt mine at Wieliczka which is described in an album sent by a school at Wlodziniers Wolynskin to its correspondents in New Harmony, Indiana:*

"WIELICZKA is a little town one and a half miles from Kracow and has scarcely eight thousand inhabitants. Its fame and the wealth of the people are due to the salt mine which forms a true net of underground passages near Wieliczka. The highest layer of salt is about a hundred feet under the surface. Eleven entrances lead into the mine, and through seven of them salt is taken out. The whole mine is divided into seven stories lying one under the other. There are sixteen ponds in the mine. The water in one of them is more than twenty feet deep. People are permitted to visit the three upper stories, but the work is carried on in the lower stories, and access to them is forbidden visitors. In this underground gallery of crystal one thousand people and one hundred horses are at work taking out about fifty thousand tons of salt every year. The mine may be visited at any time for a small fee, but there are three days in the year, Whitsuntide, July third, and August eighteenth, when such visits are accompanied with great celebrations, including various amusements, entertainments, illumination, and music—all arranged by the miners. Thousands of people come then to Wieliczka to enjoy themselves and spend a few hours in this fairyland.

"The first thing worth seeing is St. Anthony's chapel, carved in salt by a miner in the year 1698. Its altar is beautiful, with figures of Christ and some of the saints. From there the visitor may go through Ursula's cell downstairs to the second, lower story where he can admire the famous Michalowice cell, the walls and ceiling of which are supported by many wooden rafters, beams, and pillars. A splendid chandelier with three hundred candles hangs from the ceiling. It is made out of salt, and the light of the candles is reflected by the polished walls and the ceiling, making it look like an enchanted place. This is a very large and charming hall. There are many other cells and passages in this underground realm that are very interesting and pretty, but it is difficult to describe them all. After having admired all this, the visitor comes to the huge ballroom where hundreds of candles are burning. From there, to the accompaniment of a good orchestra composed of the miners, he takes the elevator to the mouth of the mine."

## Marcelino's Piñata

(Continued from page 83)

made a fairy scene of the courtyard with its potted flowers. Overhead, suspended from a strong wire, hung Marcelino's brave airplane, ready for the fray. But fireworks were first set off by Mercedes' father, as if to delay the climax still longer.

"Now, the *piñata*!" he announced at last. "Who is first?" He surveyed all the eager boys and girls. Carlos was acclaimed. A handkerchief was tied over his eyes, a broomstick was given him, and he was twirled around. To tease him, he was led to the spot above which the *piñata* hung, and allowed to touch it with his stick.

Turned loose, he was told to hit it. He swung, but struck at the empty air. Mercedes' father, at the other end of the line, had yanked the airplane up, high above danger. Hearing the rustling paper at his right, Carlos slashed in that direction. The onlookers fled from that side, out of the way of his blind club. But after three trials, hitting nothing, his turn was over.

A girl was next, and then a boy, until in the end, everyone had had a turn. But no one had yet caught Marcelino's fast-flying plane. How proud he would have been!

Starting over again, the master of ceremonies decided to be easier on the children. Very soon,



Christmas firecrackers  
for sale

a little girl struck the airplane down. As its sides cracked open, oranges, nuts, candies in frilled paper sacks, horns, dolls, and all sorts of precious things fell out. The children screamed, scrambling for prizes.

This was the end of the children's Christmas party. They hung no stocking that night, for in Mexico there is no Santa Claus, and, besides, there are hardly any chimneys. The real gift-giving day is January sixth. That commemorates the time when the three Wise Men came to visit the Infant Jesus in His humble manger in Bethlehem, bringing gold and frankincense and myrrh. The Indian booths remain in Mexico City until this date.

But on the morning of the seventh of January, the boards and cloth come down. The household effects are repacked on the burros. The Indian families go back to the trails leading to the mountain villages. The sights they have seen last them for a year. New ideas fill their heads. Each year the toys are different, reflecting some new idea gathered in the city.

Marcelino had read in a paper (he had learned to read in the new school at Chiquihuitepec) that men were trying to fly to the moon. Next year his *piñata* would be a moonship. That he had already decided, as he trudged homeward behind his burro. What a Christmas it had been!

## A Great Conquest

MARGARET B. CROSS

"Peace hath her victories  
No less renowned than War."—MILTON

THIS is the story of the conquest of an age-long enemy that for centuries has laid waste great tracts of the lovely land of Italy and made them fever-haunted and desolate.

It is a really thrilling story, in which statesmen and doctors and engineers and a great army of workers have been fighting against two allies, who held in their grip the land lying south of Rome, between the mountains and the sea. It was called the Pontine Marshes, and the enemies



Huge machines have been used to tear up the earth,  
till the fertile soil is brought to the top

were dreary swamps and a small insect that you could crush with a finger, but one strong enough in its innumerable hosts to destroy armies.

But let us begin at the beginning, or as near as we can get. About 312 B. C., Appius Claudius



built a way across the marshes, which is called after him, the Appian Way. It was one of those straight roads that Rome struck out, to be the highways along which her legions marched to the conquest of the world, and over which the traveler may still pass—on the Roman pavement. Caesar made plans for the draining of the marshes, but the Ides of March put an end to them. Trajan, the Emperor, and after him Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, who came a-warring and a-conquering into Italy in the fifth century, had to take steps to save the Appian Way itself from being swallowed up by the marsh. Napoleon, when he made himself master of Italy, set French and Italian engineers to study the problem and from the end of the last century onwards, much work was done.

But it is only within the last few years that the real work of redemption, or as it is happily called, "bonification," has been accomplished. I say happily called "bonification," because Signor Boni was one of the great promoters of the scheme, and because "bonification" may be interpreted "making good."

The engineering difficulties were great, owing to the peculiar lie of the land. The water that fed the marshes came from the mountains, flooding down in great torrents, and it could not get away to the sea because of a barrier along the coast, raised no one knows how, perhaps by an earthquake, that dammed back the water so that it spread over the low lying land and stagnated.

This stagnant water was the breeding place of the second and most deadly enemy, for there it was that the mosquito called *Anopheles* bred. This mosquito is the carrier of malaria—the fever that for centuries has haunted the marshes like an evil spirit and made them uninhabitable by man.

The fever was called malaria (bad air) because it was supposed to be caused by the bad air that rose from swampy land, especially in the evening. It was not till Sir Ronald Ross\* proved that malaria was really caused by the sting of the *Anopheles* mosquito, and he and his followers discovered how malaria might be prevented and could be treated successfully, that work on a great scale in the Pontine Marshes became possible. But it was not till engineering and medi-

cine and man power were combined in a great attack, that rapid progress was made.

Now the end is in sight. Land that has been desolate as long as history remembers is already bearing rich harvests; and where only a few, fever-stricken peasants and goat herds eked out a poor livelihood, thousands of workmen are now busy, and farms and hamlets and even towns are springing up. Last year Signor Mussolini inaugurated the new town of Littoria, equipped with town hall, church, schools, post office, and central medical station, where a very few years ago the dreary marsh reigned.



Littoria has been built on reclaimed land

To drain the land and yet to retain such supplies of water as were needed for agriculture, a great system of canals and reservoirs and pumping stations and irrigation works was created. And as the land emerges it is tilled. But so sour has the soil that has lain sodden for ages become that in many parts no plough can go deep enough to turn up a wholesome furrow, and huge machines have to be used to tear up the earth till the fertile soil is brought to the top. The work has employed many thousands of men, most of them ex-

soldiers, on an enterprise which, besides giving present employment, is providing work for the future in the cultivation of a fruitful land.

But what of the *Anopheles* mosquito, which could have brought all this effort to nought? Steps had to be taken to look after him—or rather her, for the female does the harm.

Since Ross's discovery, it had become evident that no attempt upon the marshes could be successful that did not protect the workers from the danger of malaria; and that is only part of the greater truth that is becoming plainer and plainer every day, that the success of all great enterprises depends very much on health. If people can not live, obviously they can not work; if they are not fit, they can not work well.

To the Italian Red Cross was entrusted the task of providing the sanitary and medical services necessary for an army of men working in the unwholesome conditions of the marshes.

The old idea that the evening was the dangerous time had a good deal in it, but the reason given was wrong. Evening air is the same as any

\* See "Ross, Enemy of Malaria" in the December, 1932, issue of the *News*.

other air, but in the evening the *Anopheles* come out to feed; you may notice the same thing about gnats and other members of the family. If people can escape the mosquito they can escape malaria; therefore the only thing is to stay indoors when she is abroad and to see that she does not come in after you.

To house the laborers on the marsh, great movable barracks were made, each housing two thousand men, with the doors and windows protected by wire gauze, through which the *Anopheles* can not pass. All the houses that are being built for the steadily increasing population are protected in the same way. Houses and barracks are searched for mosquitoes, and their breeding places are treated to kill the larvae.

These duties as well as the care of the sick in hospitals or in their own homes, are carried on by the Italian Red Cross, which also supervises the food and water supplies. There is a director-general in charge, with a staff of doctors and nurses and disinfectors attached to six health stations.

The doctor has one very powerful friend in his

fight against malaria, and that is the drug called quinine (about which there is a very interesting story to be told). Taken according to the doctor's orders, it has a wonderful value in the care of malaria and in preventing the malaria germ from developing, if it has got into the blood through the sting of the mosquito. As a preventive measure, quinine is supplied free to the workers, in addition to free treatment in hospital or at home for the sick. When a workman leaves the district he is given a certificate which entitles him to free treatment if he should develop malaria within six months.

It is not to be expected that an enemy so firmly entrenched is going to yield in a hurry, or that the danger of malaria is a thing of the past; but it is in itself a triumph that the great enterprise has been put through and that, thanks to the discoveries of medical science and their wise and resolute application, there are now harvest fields and a population flourishing, where a very few years ago was the sodden and deadly waste of the Pontine Marshes.

—From the British Junior Red Cross Journal

## Christmas Everywhere

THE Christmas numbers of the thirty-six Junior Red Cross magazines, published in all parts of the world, are full of accounts of Christmas festivities organized by Juniors for less fortunate boys and girls—of the distribution of Christmas presents by Juniors to children, and of Juniors bringing food and clothing to needy families. The Juniors also think of old people and those who are lying

sick in hospitals. In many countries Junior volunteers in the capital go to headquarters for several weeks before Christmas to help in mending and repacking the gifts received from other places. In Paris a delegation of Juniors goes each year to each of the children's hospitals in the city, gives an entertainment and distributes gifts which have been sent in from all parts of France. In Great Britain, books and toys are



Members from the Public School for girls, Dubno, Poland, with a "kelim" with the white eagle of their country, which they have woven as a thank-you gift for American Juniors' Christmas boxes

sent in by Juniors to the "Keeper of the Cupboard" for children in hospitals; in Australia gifts are sent to the "Christmas Shelf." In a single year the Juniors of New South Wales made over six thousand children's garments and sent more than two hundred pounds to the Christmas Appeal Fund of their Division.

Christmas Eve is a great day in the Children's Home in Madrid,

where Juniors bring toys and money for the children and stage an elaborate performance. Sometimes the Juniors persuade adult groups to help them. In Estonia over a hundred shops send school requisites and money for the Junior Red Cross fête given each year, to which no less than two thousand children are invited. In Danzig, commercial houses supplied the material for clothes which the Juniors distributed. Forest

authorities in Czechoslovakia gave the Christmas tree which a group of Czech Juniors set up in a village square, and many more brought packages to place beneath it. A Bulgarian teacher wrote that the tree which his Juniors had set up in their village had aroused the keenest interest, because it was the first one ever decorated there.

**W**HEN the Archbishop of Uppsala in November of last year organized a collection to provide Christmas comforts for needy Swedes in Berlin, Germany, the Swedish J. R. C. decided to contribute money to buy Christmas toys for the children of these families. Each group raised five kronen, and the total sent by the Juniors was more than 350 kronen (1 krona = \$.45).

**A** COLD Christmas seems as strange an idea to Australian Juniors as a midsummer one does to us. A group in Chute, Australia, writes to Phillips School, Salem, Massachusetts:

You must enjoy having the Christmas celebrations in the midst of all your winter fun. Our Christmas is the hottest time of the year; so we have our long summer holidays at that time. We have Santa Claus and Christmas trees just as you have, but we are afraid Santa could not come to us in a sled with reindeer, on a hot December night. We think he uses his airplane in Australia.

It must be great fun having snow fights and other winter sports. We have heavy snow only on our highest mountains; but occasionally we have a light fall, just enough for snowballs. Jack Frost does not leave us enough ice for skating.

Among our winter sports we have football and golf. Our football is played differently from yours. The chief features of our game are long kicking and high marking. Eighteen men make a side. The ball may not be held by a player, nor may he run more than ten yards with the ball. The chief games in Victoria are played in Melbourne League matches and many thousands of people go to watch.

You would like to see some of our birds at this time of the year. There are magpies, kookaburras with jolly laughs, bright colored parrots, robin red-breasts, thrushes,

and blue wrens. Soon they will be building, and the noise of their songs in the bush will sound like an orchestra.

In Victoria we are celebrating the centenary of the founding of our state. It was in 1834 that the Henty brothers made their settlement at Portland and soon after,

Batman and Faulkner settled at Melbourne. There had been other attempts to colonize Victoria but these were the first successful settlements. On the poster we have enclosed you will see the figure of Batman standing on the spot where he stood in 1835 and said, "This will be the place for a village." It would be a large "village" he would see if he could stand there now.

We are making a parcel of clothes and toys for the Junior Red Cross cupboard to be distributed among children at Christmas time.

**A** BRITISH group gave an entertainment to collect presents to distribute at Christmas to children who would not be getting many pretty things. Everyone who came gave a toy as his admission fee, and a large number were collected and given to the children.

**A** GROUP in Montreal, Canada, writes to Junior Red Cross friends in Atlanta:

Just at present we are very busy getting ready for our Christmas service through the Junior Red Cross. We have appointed a number of committees to look after the collection of toys, canned goods, and clothing. Repair committees are busy making the toys look like new and sewing committees are sewing and knitting and getting as many attractive gifts ready as possible. In December our special Christmas headquarters will be opened, and delegates will go from the Montreal Branches to unpack parcels which Juniors in the country have filled with gifts and to put them into Christmas stockings. Last year we sent out over fifteen hundred Christmas stockings.

**J**UNIORS of a school in Vienna, Austria, although they were very needy themselves, were able to provide a Christmas tree for a family of seven children. Throughout the school, baskets filled by the Juniors, or plates of cakes or fruit, were placed mysteriously on the desks of pupils whose parents were known to be unemployed and who expected no pleasant surprises at Christmas.



*Some of the 424 dolls which Hungarian Juniors dressed last Christmas for the national relief fund. They were on show at the Hungarian J. R. C. bazaar*



# Our Juniors Celebrate Christmas

**T**HE poem about Robin's Christmas Eve on pages 84 and 85 is one of the stories that has been put into Braille. Senior Red Cross volunteers in Madison and Glen Ridge, New Jersey; Philadelphia; New York City; and Washington, D. C., do the Braille. The paper is paid for by your National Children's Fund. Juniors everywhere make covers and bind the books, and send

them as Christmas presents to children in schools and homes for the blind. Many letters go back to the Juniors from the blind children who receive the books, telling how greatly they enjoy having them.

Braille takes up much more space than print, and has to be done in large measure by hand, so that books in Braille are very expensive. Few blind people can afford to have many. "The mere fact that these books were the children's own property seemed to thrill them," wrote the superintendent of the Maryland School for the Blind at Overlea, "and they took great pride in reading them." A letter to members in Linton, Indiana, said: "Not only are the stories interesting, but the covers are so good-looking that the children who have some vision have real pleasure in looking at them."

**A**LASKAN Juniors of Akutan, one of the Aleutian Islands, made Christmas greeting cards which they sent to patients in the Veterans' Administration Facility in Livermore, California. The recreational aide wrote telling how greatly the men were pleased:

Several of the patients who had lived in Alaska at some time in their lives were interested in the Akutan whales and the friendly greetings they brought. One elderly man in particular grew reminiscent and entertained us with tales of his experiences in that far-off northern United



*Juniors of Baker, Oregon, with apples which they dried and sent to Nome, Alaska, immediately after the fire which destroyed most of the city and its food supplies in September. They brought apples to school, peeled and sliced them, strung them on cord and dried them in a lumber-drying kiln nearby. Two days after the fire, the apples were off, in time to get to Nome before the city should be frozen in for the winter*

States territory. He was well acquainted with the islands in which Akutan is located, and said he could just see in his mind the chubby little school children painting their Christmas cards to send to California. The men all thought it was sweet of the Akutan children to think of them away down here.

**A** MEMBER of the J. R. C. in the Elementary School of Covington, Virginia, noticed that there were some broken toys in the stores before Christmas. He per-

suaded the merchants to give them to the J. R. C. to add to the used toys they had collected and were repairing. These members also scoured their town for outgrown shoes and those that could be repaired, and thus enabled a considerable number of children to stay in school during the winter who otherwise would have been unable to do so.

**T**HE first grade of Jefferson School, Pulaski, Virginia, belongs to the Junior Red Cross. Just after Thanksgiving last year the Juniors decided that they would make some little children happy. They decided to give a Christmas party. They made baskets of green and red paper and trimmed them with holly or a Santa Claus. They dressed sticks of candy as dolls and clowns and made some of them into umbrellas. In each of the baskets they put one of these dressed-up candy sticks, some candy, and some raisins. Each member of the first grade brought a child who had never been to school. One of the boys dressed as Santa Claus. He gave each child one of the baskets. Then the first-graders sang Christmas songs, recited poems, and told stories. The little children also sang songs, and some of them recited, too. The first-graders gave a party, too, for the other children in the school and for their friends. They gave the songs, poems, drills, and dramatizations which they had

learned in class. They charged admission of a spool of white or black thread or six buttons, and gave them to the Red Cross for their sewing.

IN Pawnee County, Nebraska, Juniors dressed in native costumes of Bohemia, Italy, France, Holland, Ireland, and other countries, and sold sweets and breads common to Christmas time in those countries. Ten dollars netted during the afternoon were used for the health fund.

THE J. R. C. of Tom Green County, Texas, had between three and four thousand members last year. They dressed dolls for the firemen to distribute at Christmas time and made presents for the children in a sanatorium.

THE Pine Street Schools, in Ellsworth, Maine, last year trimmed a Christmas tree and put candles and presents on it for a family of children who had been ill and quarantined with scarlet fever for sixteen weeks. Representatives of the J. R. C. left the tree at the door, all ready for the candles to be lighted.

ONE school in Albany, New York, wrote personal Christmas letters to the men and women in the old people's homes.

WHEN the Clearwater, Florida, Juniors took their Christmas favors to the hospital, they assembled in the hospital library and sang carols which were broadcast to the beds of the patients.



Members of Whittier School, Salt Lake City, with Christmas stockings and gifts which they sent to the County Hospital. They also sent a daily paper to the people there

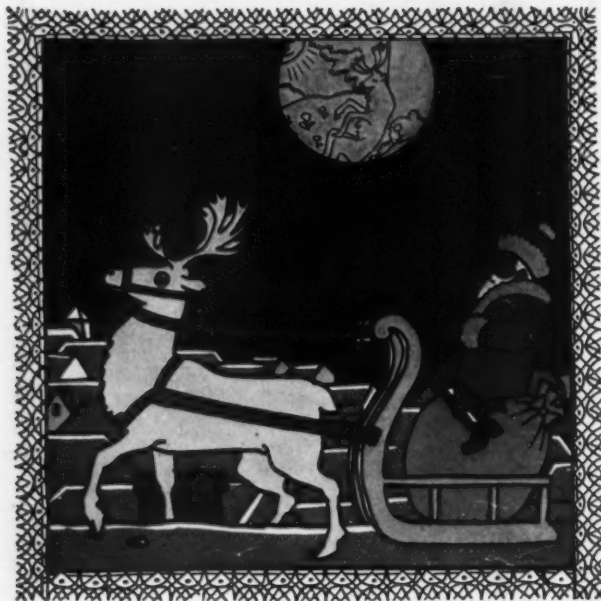
A SMALL rural school of Cabarrus County, North Carolina, took the county home near them as their special project. They made gifts and favors for the people on all holidays, and at Christmas, besides sending a decorated Christmas tree to the home, went over in a body and sang carols and gave gifts to each person there.

#### TABLE OF CONTENTS

December, 1934

	Page
CHRISTMAS IN MEXICO <i>Berta and Elmer Hader</i>	Cover
PUMPKINS AND PAGEANTS <i>Anna Milo Upjohn</i>	75
<i>Illustrations by the Author</i>	
THE STORY OF BOOKS <i>Gertrude Hartman</i>	79
MARCELINO'S PIÑATA..... <i>Emma Reh</i>	82
THE ROBIN'S CHRISTMAS EVE <i>C. E. Bowen</i>	84
<i>Decoration by Edna Potter</i>	
EDITORIALS .....	86
MAKE YOUR OWN DECORATIONS.....	87
POLISH CORRESPONDENTS.....	88
A GREAT CONQUEST..... <i>Margaret B. Cross</i>	90
CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE.....	92
OUR JUNIORS CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS .....	94
R IS FOR REINDEER..... <i>Elizabeth Morrow</i>	96
<i>Illustrations by René d'Hamoncourt</i>	

EVERY child in the primary department in Hutchison's School, Memphis, Tennessee, is a member of the Junior Red Cross. Every Wednesday afternoon before Christmas last year the girls put on their Red Cross veils and spent several hours making stuffed toys—dogs, cats and humpty dumpties—for one of the children's hospitals. Christine and Snowden Schools made gifts for the children in the Crippled Children's Hospital and the general hospital.



## R IS FOR REINDEER

Decoration by René d'Harnoncourt

**Solemnly with devotion**

Voice

The REINDEER rides on roof-tops high, toss-ing his ant-lers to the sky. As

Piano

*p* *mf*

Santa's horse he pulls the sleigh That brings us presents bright and gay. All sum-mer long he is

off on leave, But has hard sled-ding Christ-mas Eve. *moreno* *p* *pp*

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